

THE NEW CHILD.

[“The KAISER and KAISERIN are much interested in a little musical prodigy who has arrived in Berlin from Madrid. This child, called PEPITO ARRIOLA, is six years old, and is said to be a complete master of the piano, and deeply versed in harmony and counterpoint. He has personally presented the KAISER with a march of his own composition.” — *Weekly Paper.*]

From the “*Baby-Bookman*,” April 1, 1906.

MR. A. LITTLECHAP, whose new novel is attracting so much attention, frankly declares himself a disciple of GORKY. He is seven, and began to write four years ago. His realistic pictures of the horrors of nursery life, particularly of the oppression of arrogant grown-ups, and his satires on the gross favouritism shown to children under one year, are the result of direct observation. The second of a trilogy of novels from his pen, dealing with the epic of the Child and entitled “Teething,” is announced for immediate publication.

From “*M.A.K.*” (*Mainly About Kids*), April 1, 1916.

MR. JACK HOWLER is a singer who possesses a voice of singular beauty and expression. He is now four years of age, and first began to sing before he was three months old. At that time he was studying with his father, and much of his practising was done during the night time. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Howler, Sen., while fully appreciating the breadth and range of his son’s organ, was at the time quite alive to its great and wonderful charm.

From “*M.A.K.*,” April 1, 1926.

The new Academician, who is best known for his delightful *My Lady’s Perambulator*, and exquisite *View of Coal Scuttle looking East*, first attracted attention by a brilliant impressionist sketch on his mother’s drawing-room wall.

From the “*Nursery News*,” April 1, 1936.

KENSINGTON GARDENS DIVISION ELECTION.

Our correspondent writes, “The election is likely to be closely contested. At last night’s meeting Mr. Tootscum, the Liberal candidate, appealed to his fellow kids on the ground that since his birth 5 years ago he had lived much of his time in the constituency. The Venerable J. M. BARRIE, in supporting, said that he had had great pleasure in watching Mr. Tootscum’s career from the bottle to the booth. Mr. Tootscum in his election address expresses himself as a supporter of the Better Control of Nursemaids (Policemen) Bill. The Conservative candidate declines to pledge himself to any such proposed legislation, but says he is willing to extend his support to any well-considered measure



“SENDING-IN” DAY.

INDIGO BROWN TAKES HIS PICTURE, ENTITLED “PEACE AND COMFORT,” TO THE R.A. HIMSELF, AS HE SAYS, “THOSE PICTURE CARTS ARE CERTAIN TO SCRATCH IT,” AND, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CABBY, ADDS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS WAY THERE!

dealing with the problem of Local Option in connection with the Babies’ Bed Hour.”

From the “*Mail Cart*,” April 1, 1946.

What is likely to prove the most unpopular Budget of many years was introduced yesterday. The Sugar Tax, affecting as it will the price of sweets, is one which cannot too strongly be deprecated. We trust that our representatives in the House will do their utmost to have this iniquitous impost withdrawn. If the tax is suffered to pass, there will go up from the nurseries of England a howl which all the soothing of all the grown-ups in the world will not silence. Let the Government then beware of stretching too far the patience of long-suffering British kids!

From the “*Baby-in-Army Gazette*,” Ap. 1, 1956.

The new officer commanding the Life Guards (Little Boy) Blue is Colonel BATTLEDORE. Born eight and a-half years ago, he early distinguished himself in encounters with the wild street Arabs, and for his services received the D.S.O. (Dad’s Slipper Order). He is firmly opposed to flogging on the part of seniors, and may be trusted to stamp out from the Regiment any practices of the kind which may have prevailed prior to his coming.

THERE is not much difference between an epigram and an epitaph. An epigram says unkind and true things about the living—the epitaph says kind and untrue things about the dead.

THE INTRUSIONS OF P****.

'Tis said there's nothing in a name;
It furnishes no clue to nature;
A rose, in fact, would smell the same
By any other nomenclature;
Yet there are some that so convey
The man himself and all his works,
One sees his image clear as day—
And such is P****.

Though to my naked eye unknown,
I picture him alert, defiant;
My mind from just his name alone
Instinctively constructs a giant;
NAPOLEON's force and WESLEY's fire,
A brain like BRIGHT's, a tongue like BURKE's—
All gifts, I tell myself, conspire
To make a P****.

Dazed by the letters five that burn
Like beacons down my daily paper,
I find his form at every turn
Cutting some fresh heroic caper;
Our hopes above, and under, ground,
The cause alike of tubes and kirks—
Our very life revolves around
The pose of P****.

Like Atlas, on his Liberal head
He bears the Empire's awful burdens;
'Tis his to urge towards the goal
Those feet that dally at the Durdans;
By his good pen the word was writ:—
"Off with the Irish bond that irks!"
And Surrey's Nonconformist split
Was due to P****.

His is the high controlling hand
That guides our young Imperial legions,
Upears a new Aquarium and
Electrifies the lower regions;
Fearless to hunt the flying heels
Of bishops, infidels, and Turks,
He is our coming god on wheels,
Our peerless P****.

There are who say the Tories' knell
Had long ago been clearly sounded,
Only the Other Thing would spell
Confusion rather worse confounded;
Under correction I would give
The answer even ROSEBERRY shirks—
I say the sound alternative
Is simply P****.

O. S.

POOH-POOHRI FROM A SURREY BACK GARDEN.

THE appearance of my third volume of gossip about my garden (and other things too numerous to mention) has been so kindly received by the Press that I gladly accept Mr. Punch's invitation to begin yet another in his hospitable pages. After all, why should I stop at three volumes? Why should there not be a fourth and a fifth? Why, indeed, should I ever stop at all? There is no valid reason why this kind of thing should not go on to infinity. Like *Tit Bits*—very like, some people say—my volumes of Pooh-Poohri may go on for ever. With this brief paragraph by way of preface, I plunge at once into my subject (whatever that may be).

The daisy (*Bellis perennis*) is just beginning to flower in

my garden. It is a common flower in many parts of England. It should not be confounded with the small celandine, which it in no way resembles. Daisies may be sown in the Autumn or they may not. In either case they will come up on the lawn in the Spring. Spring is with us now in Surrey (and elsewhere), and the lush water meadows are full of *Marigoldia palustris*, *Pocula regia*, and *Buttercuppa common or gardiana*, while beautiful specimens of *Superbia Londinensis* adorn the flower beds of careful gardeners. How romantic the Latin names of flowers are! They lend a dignity to even the humblest species!

A good way to cook potatoes is to place them in water with a little salt and boil them till they are soft. This novel recipe was given me by a lady I met last year in Balham. I have not seen her since.

Many people who are addicted to gardening suffer from black and discoloured nails. Several remedies have been suggested to me for this, but perhaps on the whole the best is to wash them.

A good way to cure a headache is to stand on your head in a corner for ten minutes. If you can go to sleep in that posture, so much the better. This treatment has also been found advantageous in cases of rheumatism and affections of the bronchial tubes.

I cannot allow my new volume to appear without devoting fifty pages or so to advocating vegetarianism. If persisted in it will entirely prevent that feeling of fulness after meals which is one of the most distressing features of Eupesia. As my friend Dr. BLOGGINS has said no vegetarian ever eats enough to feel *full*. Indeed, he has no temptation to do so.

Yesterday I went with a friend to Goring in order to see a noted herd of Jersey bulls. The owner, unhappily, was away from home, so we had to return without seeing them. But the circumstance is worth recording on account of its intrinsic interest.

I have just finished Mr. JONES's book on *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Poor woman, what a troubled life she had! Fotheringhay, I notice, should be spelt with two h's. FROUDE spelt it with only one. How like him!

To bake apples, select the required number and then place them in the oven. When they are done, take them out.

A friend writes to me from Hanwell that the walls of the institution in which she is confined are quite covered with *Honisucklia apiensis* in full flower. She has also observed more than one specimen of the *Dandeleo vulgaris* in the grounds. I have had quite a number of communications from other inmates, to which I shall refer in this or subsequent volumes.

August is the season for the *Gooseberria gigantica* or *Fleetstreetiana*. It begins to appear early in the month, and should be permitted to grow gradually, a quarter of an inch a day. By the 30th it will measure a foot in diameter.

To-day I distinctly heard the note of the golden-crested Water-Wagtail (*Philomela novicaudata*) in my shrubbery. The housemaid heard it too. But the cook said it was a pheasant.

The sunflowers are now (January) in full bloom in my garden, which only shows what a perfectly wonderful garden it is! And all done by kindness! I cannot think why other people don't grow sunflowers. Their seeds are greatly appreciated in Russia. Pigs may be fed on their leaves. And I see no reason why paper might not be manufactured out of their stalks if somebody would find out how. But English gardeners are so blind to their real interests!

To make nettle-tea pick all the nettles you can find (or, better, get someone else to do so), add a pinch of Plasmon and simmer for a fortnight.

(The Editor declines to print any more.)

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NO RACE.

JONES BULL. "H'M! PRETTY STATE OF THINGS THIS! ONE CREW GOING TO PIECES, AND THE OTHER NOT IN SIGHT!"

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A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

[“It is stated that Mr. WILSON, Secretary for Agriculture in President ROOSEVELT’s Cabinet, is experimenting with a view to obtaining a breed of bald fowls.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THIS must be good news for American journalists. If the gentleman succeeds in producing the unhappy breed he threatens, the American journals will of course treat the matter as follows:—

A NEW FOWL.

THE SECRETARY WILSON BREED.

AS BALD AS A POLITICIAN.

Special Interview with the Bird.

A *News* reporter heard yesterday of a new kind of fowl. It was understood that Secretary-for-Agriculture-WILSON was responsible. Upon application to the Department the *News* man was referred to the bird. It was clucking in a cage on top of a pile of pamphlets relating to the state of corn in Missouri. Even there the bird didn’t look happy. The reporter looked at the bird. It clucked as much to remark:—“Say ain’t this too bad of WILSON? ’Spose you ain’t got any hair-restorer handy? No—nor a wig neither? Reckon I feel just cheap.” And it cocked its eye at the reporter, looking just like a Tammany politician on the stump. That bird with the high forehead won’t do. It don’t look big enough to masquerade as a vulture, and there’s a prejudice in favour of fowls with their hair on. So what’s the use?

CHARIVARIA.

FOLLOWING on the news that proceedings have been instituted by Belgian representatives against Captain GUY BURROWS on account of alleged libels in his book, *The Curse of Central Africa*, comes the announcement that the Russian Government are about to take steps against the publishers of a certain popular Natural History which contains the statement that “the upright position is unnatural to a Bear.”

Mr. MORGAN has at last become the victim of too much trust. He is stated to have been duped by the famous Paris art forgers.

Meanwhile suspicion is the order of the day in Paris, and doubts are even entertained as to the *Portrait of Rembrandt, by Himself*, in the Louvre. Such fears are, however, groundless. We have seen the picture, and he is undoubtedly by himself.

In these days of heavy taxation complaints are heard that Great Britain should continue to maintain diplomatic



THE SERVANT QUESTION.

“OH, I SAY, ‘AVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS ABOUT ‘SHALL WE DO WITHOUT SERVANTS?’ I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE ‘EM TRY, THAT’S ALL!”

“YUS, AND ME TOO!”

representatives at petty Principalities such as Darmstadt. It is forgotten that we must have someone there for the Germans to insult when we are at war with somebody else.

As regards the outcry over the little Brodricks in South Africa, it is only fair to the Secretary of State for War to point out that it was foretold long ago that our new Colonies would form a splendid nursery for our army.

We are requested to state, in order to avoid confusion, that Mr. PERKS of the *Daily Mail* has no connection with Mr. MIGGS of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Apparently Miss ELLEN TERRY did not approve of *If I were King*. She is to produce a play the title of which asks the question—*Vikings*.

The Stock Exchange walking-match from London to Brighton promises to be a big affair. It is realised that the practice may one day prove invaluable to a defaulting broker.

It is rumoured that swagger canes are to be abolished in the Guards.

A Russian newspaper declares that England is actively preparing for war against Germany and Russia. The name of the paper is the *Russki Li-stok*.

A newspaper announces that the Japanese play to be produced in the Autumn at His Majesty’s Theatre will be “in every respect the heaviest production yet undertaken by Mr. TREE.” Mr. HALL CAINE is said to be furious at this slur on *The Eternal City*.

“I FEAR no foe in shining armour,” sang the man at the concert.

“Don’t you, old chap?” grumbled the bachelor in the front row. “Then you try and open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife.”

“WHAT an awful voice that man’s got!” said the Manager, who was listening to the throaty tenor.

“Call that a voice,” said his friend; “it’s a disease!”

A SPORTING OFFER.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has unearthed fourteen additional stanzas, being the beginning of a supplementary canto, of BYRON'S *Don Juan*. Like a good deal of *Don Juan* they are extremely poor stuff. *Mr. Punch* would be happy to supply the remainder of the missing canto on extremely moderate terms if Mr. MURRAY is inclined to bid. A specimen is subjoined:—

When I have nothing specially to say,
No view to urge, anarchic or subversive,
No tale to tell fit for romantic lay,
My Muse inevitably grows discursive;
I range abroad and let my fancy play
Round every theme. And I should do it worse if
I hadn't hit upon this ambling metre
To clothe my jibes and make the stuff look neater.
My Muse, grown garrulous, turns here and there
As suits her taste. I don't attempt to stop her.
Her methods are peculiar, I'm aware,
Her subjects, I am told, not always proper.
But if I ever tried to trim or pair
Her stanzas I should only come a cropper.
Besides, this sort of thing is bought and read
By many, so I let her have her head.
The moralist declares:—"Nemo repente
Fuit turpissimus," and I concur.
I wrote much better stuff when I was twenty,
But I am lazier now and I prefer
To turn out stanzas, *calamo currente*,
On things in general. Many men aver
That verse like this, as far as writing goes,
Is just as easy to produce as prose!
I know my rhymes are harsh, my measure rough,
That half my stanzas are not much to boast of,
That t'other half are but indifferent stuff
Compared, my Muse, with other works thou know'st of;
But I am very sure they're good enough
For my good readers (whom I have a host of).
In fact, they're widely quoted by the noodles
Who spend their lives at Brooks's and at Boodle's.
&c., &c., &c.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. II.

I'm all for keeping up our old English sports and all that. What's the use of running down horse-racing and skittles and air-gun shooting and coddam and billiards? None whatever, as far as I can see. People will have them, and you've just got to give in to it whether you like it or not. I was talking to GAMBLE the other day about this very thing. GAMBLE's father was a grocer in a pretty good way of business, a near neighbour of ours in the old days before we moved to Peckham. Young GAMBLE—he's old GAMBLE now, but I call him young to distinguish him from his father, who's dead—young GAMBLE married a tidy bit of money, and set up for himself as a provision merchant and general purveyor in the Brompton Road. Many's the joke we used to have together years ago when we were both boys. He used to call me Shovel and Tongs, but I flatter myself I got even with him the day I called him Little Oil and Colourman right in front of SALLY CRUMP, who afterwards became Mrs. GAMBLE. SALLY laughed, and GAMBLE was cuts with me for about a week, but he's a good-natured forgiving sort of chap, and the day he was married he said to me, "Josh, old boy," he said, "I feel as if I'd got wings. You may call me an Italian Warehouseman if you like, and

I won't even offer to knock your crooked old nose out through the back of your head." When a man talks like that you always know he feels things pretty deeply.

GAMBLE stuck to the old dissenting line and Radicalism, but I'm for standing by a man no matter what his religious and political views may be. He's got on pretty well, too, and they tell me he's well in the running for Mayor of his Borough Council. The present Mayor is Major HICKSON, who used to be in the Artillery Company. Well, GAMBLE and I were talking about sport not long ago, and he was all for doing away with racing and betting and drinking in public-houses. I took him up there at once:—

"GAMBLE," I said, "you may try till you're blue in the face, but you mark my words: you'll never make men sober by Act of Parliament."

I never saw a man so taken aback in my life—but, of course, though GAMBLE's good enough in his way, he doesn't move in very intellectual circles, and he can't be expected to understand the way things are done.

Anyhow, I'm fond of a bit of sport, and I don't mind admitting it. The Derby, or a football match, or the Boat-race, it's all one to me. Sport's sport all the world over, and there's this about it too:—it wouldn't go on long if the public didn't support it and go and look on at it. I'm not much of a boat-racer myself, though I have been out in a pleasure-boat at Richmond one of those days when they had fireworks and a river fête there, and I reckon one boat's much like another when you're once inside of it. Still, I'm sure boatracers ought to be supported, otherwise there wouldn't be so much about them in the papers every morning, so I made up my mind to run down to Putney one day last week to have a look at the Oxford and Cambridge College chaps making ready for the race. There was a big crowd hanging about in front of their boathouses when I got there, and a fellow with a blue guernsey on was telling another with a yachting-cap on the back of his head what he thought about the race.

"There's only one in it," he said, "and they know it themselves. Why, they've took the Oxford coxswain twice over the course to-day, and you know as well as I do what that means. You can't go agin it."

I was just going to ask him to explain when I saw the eight Oxforders come down the steps of their boathouse, and two or three policemen came along with a "Stand back there, stand back!" so as to make us give them room to bring their racing punt out. I stepped back pretty brisk so as not to give any extra trouble, when I found I was stepping on the toes of someone behind me, a big man in corduroy trousers and a moleskin cap.

"Ere, I say, stow it," he cried out, "I ain't an automatic weighing machine, and anyway it's more'n a penny job for a man o' your weight."

It was a vulgar remark, but it's no use making a row in a crowd if you can help it, so I merely turned round and smiled at the fellow. This gentlemanly behaviour seemed to redouble his anger.

"Ho," he said, in a sneering way, "I see what it is. You're a travellin' post-office, you are, with that mouth o' yours slit wide open. Very kind of the Postmaster-General, I'm sure. Blest if I don't post a letter to my gal in your mouth,"—and with that he pulled a dirty bit of paper out of his trousers pocket and forced it into my mouth. This was more than flesh and blood could stand.

"Policeman," I said.

"What's up?" said the policeman.

"I want to give this man in charge."

"What for?" said the policeman.

"For posting a letter in my mouth." I didn't mean to say it in that way, but the words popped out before I had time to think.



Miss Dora (to Major Putter, who is playing an important Match, and has just lost his ball). "OH, MAJOR, DO COME AND TAKE YOUR HORRID BALL AWAY FROM MY LITTLE DOG. HE WON'T LET ME TOUCH IT, AND I KNOW HE MUST BE RUINING HIS TEETH!"

"Don't you give me any o' your lip," was all the answer I got. "Stand back there, stand back!" and thereupon he shoved me insolently back into the crowd.

I went away at once, of course, and wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Police. I shall insist on the man's dismissal.

A ROUNDDEL OF FOLLY'S KALENDS.

APRIL, the first of the months of sweet Spring,
Comes to us all for its beauties athirst;
Hail to its joys! of which brightly you bring,
April, the first.

Too long, stern Winter, you grumbled and cursed.
Hence! and give place to glad birds on the wing—
Let the young hawthorn and lilac-buds burst.

Thus, as aside awhile wisdom we fling,
(With dull monotony often rehearsed),
Let us crown Folly this one day as king—
April the first.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A CHILD.—By an error in filling in a schedule of previous convictions, a burglar was charged at Edinburgh with having been engaged in his professional duties at the age of two, and it would have gone hard with him had not his one-time nurse come forward and deposited that, though a fine child, and remarkably heavy for his age, he had never been known to crack his crib. Valuable evidence was also given by his schoolmaster, showing that prisoner had in his youth been extremely fond of cribs. The charge was finally dismissed.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES.

[“Mummies are now manufactured in Paris, and are sent to Egypt to be ‘naturalised,’ before being re-shipped for the European market.” —*Daily Paper.*]

THE large hoard of Roman coins, bearing the legend “Bona Spea,” with the initials “J. C.” (doubtless JULIUS CÆSAR), which recently came to light at Birmingham, has been temporarily buried at Silchester, in order that the pieces may acquire the requisite patina. It is understood that the Early English oak furniture discovered the other day in Wardour Street has already had a fortnight’s sojourn in a North of England Manor House, and only requires a few more volleys of small-shot to render it worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

The bust of Ariadne which was found in Kensington is stated to be greatly improved by its six months’ submersion in the sea off the island of Naxos.

We hear that Mr. FAKERLEY, the eminent copyist, has just completed another Romney. He is now restoring it, preparatory to losing it in the lumber room.

The prehistoric Man in the British Museum having naturally excited the cupidity of all those who are desirous of enshrining some really *recherché* object in their own homes, an enterprising firm have arranged for the exclusive use of the celebrated bone cave of La Madeleine in the Department of the Dordogne, and hope shortly to be in a position to cope with the demand for this class of antique. Early application, specifying whether a dolichocephalous or other specimen is desired, should be made to B. SNATCHER & Co., St. Paul’s Churchyard.

1953. A RETROSPECT.

[*The Outlook* recently published a letter dealing with the present "remarkable move Canada-wards," and dwelling on the prospects open to emigrants in the Saskatchewan valley.]

LONG since in far Saskatchewan
(I humbly trust that word will scan)
There lived an enterprising man.

He used to dwell with some dexterity
Upon the region's great prosperity,
And much of what he said was verity.

He stated that this Eldorado—
He used the word without bravado—
Knew neither tempest nor tornado.

There was no deadly secret wire
To rouse the gentle Nimrod's ire,
And leave him sprawling in the mire.

Alas, that things should thus befall !
Sportsmen and farmers heard his call,
And emigrated one and all ;

And now our rural districts are a
Sort of a desert like Sahara,
And empty as the Halls of Tara.

Therefore I do not like the plan
Of that far too seductive man
Who dwelt in fair Saskatchewan.

QUEER CALLINGS.

IV.—THE RELIC HUNTER.

WE found Mr. ALBERT CHIFFONIER in his comfortable offices, busily engaged in sorting out some of his recent acquisitions.

"I have made some interesting additions to my collection lately," he said, "but it is impossible to keep anything very long. Purchasers throng my doors, especially Americans. Had you come yesterday I could have shown you the last string from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's eye-glass, but Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN purchased it by telegram this morning. However, I have the refusal of the next—the present one—when it is worn out."

We expressed our sorrow.

"Ah," he said with genuine feeling, "it was a real treasure; not a unique, but a very rare article."

"How did you come to go into this line of business?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "I noticed a growing interest in curiosities connected with persons of eminence, and a corresponding lack of opportunity of acquiring them. Autograph letters, yes; but nothing else, nothing really personal and intimate—such as bootlaces, buttons, stumps of pencils, bus tickets, cigarette ends. I therefore determined to fill the vacancy, and here I am with as extensive a *clientèle* as QUARITCH. Perhaps you would like," he continued, "to see my new Catalogue? It will be published next week."

We glanced at the proofs which he offered us. Here are some of the items:—

Pen with which Mr. A. B. WALKLEY (the Man of *rosse*) reported on *The Princess's Nose*. £5

Pencil from Mr. CAVENDISH's planchette. Very rare. £4

Husk of a Cape gooseberry eaten by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Graaff Reinet. 25s.

Lark, stuffed, which inspired the Poet Laureate in his great poem "The lark went up." 6s. 8d.

Tumbler (with dregs) from which Mr. BECKETT refreshed himself during his speech on the Army Estimates. 10s.

Broken sprocket pinion from Mr. KIPLING's motor car, mounted as a paper-weight. 35s.

"Do you mind putting your initials on the proof?" said Mr. CHIFFONIER, handing us a gold style as he spoke. We appended our modest symbol. "Thank you," he replied. "My next catalogue will contain the lines 'Proof sheet initialled by Mr. Punch, £10 10s.'"

CAUTIONS FOR APRIL 1.

CIRCUMSPECTION is always advisable; but on All Fools' Day above all others it behoves one to walk warily, to look out for pitfalls, and to take everything *cum grano*. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, feels bound to issue the following warnings:—

DO not place implicit reliance on the Weather Forecast for the day; remember it is always April the First with the Meteorological authorities, and to-day they are likely to be more so than usual.

DO not believe what the papers say about the Boat Race. Go and see the result for yourself, and make quite sure that Cambridge are not wearing Dark Blue for a change and in celebration of the date. You might go very politely to the Light Blue Stroke (that is, the one who sits next to the helmsman) and ask him if he is or was a passenger in the Cantab craft. You should keep a good oar's length off while awaiting his reply.

YOU had better not travel first-class with a third-class ticket to-day. The joke, if detected, is almost sure to be taken in bad part by the Railway Company's inspector.

Beware of the first cigar that may be offered you in a friendly way, as it might explode on being lit. Put it in your pocket instead, and take one or two more out of your friend's case. This will minimise the risk.

Steer clear of Picture Puzzles this week. There is here a large field in which your leg may be pulled. What is the use of gaining a Thousand a Week for Life, and having your understanding permanently dislocated?

Regard with suspicion any rumours that the cuckoo has just been heard in a suburban back-garden, that the late lamented Jingo has turned into a sea-serpent, that the British tax-payer is going to have any appreciable remission, and that the Opposition, if they got into power, would run the Empire any more cheaply than the present Government, supposing there was any Empire left to run.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

(As they appear from certain Answers to Correspondents.)

VANITAS.—You are not bound to tell him. If the bright golden colour of your naturally dark hair is due to the excellent preparation recommended in another column, and he tells you he does not admire dark girls, why not keep on? The bottles are really quite cheap at nineteen and eleven. Of course, if it weighs upon your conscience, you might give him a hint, but he will probably talk about deceit, and behave in the brutally outspoken male manner so many readers complain of.

AMELIA.—Have you not been rather indiscreet? You should never let him see you cry before you are married. Afterwards it has its uses.

BLANCHE AMORY.—Cheer up. As you very cleverly put it, history does repeat itself. You are now once more in a position to undertake a further instalment of *Mes Larmes*. No. We are overstocked with poetry. The man, of course, is beneath contempt.

TWO STRINGS.—Your fiancé must be a perfect *Othello*. It is, as you justly remark, monstrous that he should object to your cousin seven times removed taking you to the theatre once or twice a week. Of course he is a relative.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY.—Your remarks about tastes in common are perfectly correct. So long as you both collect post-cards you will always be able to give pleasure to each other at a distance.

BUSINESS GIRL.—If you have found out that he only gave twenty-five pounds for your engagement ring, it may be, as you shrewdly observe, that he has a contract with the tradesman for a periodical supply of such articles. The fact that his income is under a hundred a year makes it only the more probable that he would adopt such an arrangement for economy's sake. Be very careful.

PITT-SING.—Your only course is to box his ears. Let us know how you get on.

BELLONA.—Sorry to disappoint you, but this is not the place to describe the undress uniform of the Grenadier Guards.

TO THE SOLDIER TIRED.

MY TOMKINS ! why sheathe your invincible steel,
And return to an era of prose ?
You were eloquent once on your country's Appeal
And the need of repelling her foes ;
You established it clear that your natural sphere
Was the region of battles and blood ;
But your ardour for gore would appear to be o'er—
As you think that you're out of the wood.

Have you wholly forgot how you glorified Force
With an air that was martial and stern ?
How you drilled and you shot ; how you rode on a horse
(Or expressed an intention to learn) ?
How you went into Camp, and were hungry and damp
(Which was all for your ultimate good) ?
How you slept in a tent—till your ardour was spent,
And you thought you were out of the wood ?

You would prate by the yard in the stress of the storm
On the need of Machinery New,
And you bored me to death with your Army Reform
And the things Mr. BRODRICK should do :—
But a slump, I presume, has come after the Boom,
As an ebb will succeed to a flood,
And you'll alter the caps of your Army—perhaps,—
'Tis enough, when you're out of the wood.

Oh, the helmet you wore is replaced on its rack,
And the sword's in its scabbard again,
And you do not discourse on a Frontal Attack
With the persons you meet in the train.
But you solace your soul with the Oaf at the goal,
And applaud the disgusting display
Of the Fool at the crease (*he's* the hero of peace),
In your ancient ridiculous way !

Yet remember once more, ere your weapons you drop,
And desist from your efforts to kill—
There are parties abroad with an eye on your shop
And the cash that you keep in the till ;
For the change in your mien that I've recently seen
Has an ending regrettably plain :
Though pacific your mood, as you're clear of the wood,
You'll be in it, my Tomkins, again !

OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.

In a recent number (March 19) of the *Boulogne Times* we read—

"There is to be a Calvacade next Sunday afternoon on the occasion of Mid-Lent and from what we hear it is likely to be well worth seeing."

Accidents will happen, even among the best regulated international compositors.

Then the following item of news in the same paper—

"The Rev. — (accompanied by his daughters) is leaving on a visit to his old haunts at Rheims for a few weeks, but hopes to return by Easter."

'ARRY, 'earing this read aloud, exclaimed, "What an ignoramus ! What's he put 'h' in before 'aunts' for ? And," added 'ARRY, "who cares if the reverend gent did go and visit 'is old aunts."

In the same paper is announced the appearance on the scene (French coast) of a new watering-place or "International Pleasure Resort" in which, under the name of "Le Touquet," we recognise our old friend of many years ago, yclept "Mayville," adjoining "Paris-Plage." This was to have been the most fashionable of all International Resorts for summer and winter on the "Pas de Calais" coast. Mr. WHITLY, founder of the successful Earl's Court



REVISION.

B-A-T? BAT.
C-A-T? CAT.
H-A-T? BONNET !

Exhibition, and his ally, Mr. H. P. STONEHAM, are, as it here appears, offering to lovers of sport and searchers after healthful amusement such attractions as rival resorts will find it uncommonly hard to beat. What is not offered there in the way of exercise, sport, and amusement of all sorts by day and night, including sea fishing and river fishing, will, evidently, not be worth mentioning. There is to be a railway from Étaples, on the Paris-Boulogne line, to convey the eager traveller, express pace, right away down to the sea front, where all the blandishments Messrs. WHITLY and STONEHAM can employ will induce him to prolong his stay.

Why, what a treat it would be at any time to see an "uninterrupted West Frontage three miles in length embracing Le Touquet Woods !" There's a picture for you ! The charming Mlle. West Frontage embracing the somewhat shy Monsieur Le Touquet Woods ! And when is this Paradisiacal Plage to be ready ? Le Touquet, "equidistant from London, Paris, and Brussels," is "in its infancy," but this summer its growth will be, so 'tis announced, considerably developed. The scheme, *en attendant*, has Mr. Punch's best wishes, it being certain that some new seaside resort abroad, which should be in every way a thorough change, yet within easy distance of London, would be heartily welcomed by a vast majority in the brief holiday time at their disposal.

DURING the trial of the Parisian "Flower Medium," as lately reported, one of the witnesses called for the defence, a certain Professor SELLIN (a name rather suggestive, in English, of a practical joker), described as a "venerable" scientist seventy years old, quoted the opinions of the great philosopher KANT as to spiritualistic probabilities and possibilities. Just so : but very dangerous ground, as if you begin with Kant you are not unlikely to end with Humbug.



THE ENGLISH RECRUIT, OR, "LITTLE BRODRICK" QUESTION.

(It is stated that nearly all the recruits in this Country are barely up to the "5 feet 3 inches standard," while on the Indian Frontier the "average man" is six feet.)

LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

[Mr. STEAD's scheme for civilising London, published in the March *Review of Reviews*, includes the establishment of "a human library." "Copious descriptive catalogues of persons willing to be lent for a meal, for an evening, or for a week-end, will be issued periodically." In one of these "human libraries" our Prophetic Phonograph has recorded the following scraps of dialogue:]

"WELL, it's very annoying—I've had Mr. SPARKLER down on my list for some weeks, and you say he's still out! . . . no, a second-hand copy won't do at all; I want something quite new . . . Mr. J. ESTER? Why, everyone knows him by heart . . . Oh, new and revised edition, is it? Are you certain he's only just published? . . . Very well, you can send him . . . Something humorous, Sir? Let me see, Mr. BONNOT has a great circulation, and there's a steady demand for Miss GIGGLES . . . Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir; I did not understand that it was for a smoking-room . . . we're just issuing Colonel RUBICUND in scarlet cloth . . . yes, we'll guarantee that he'll keep awake till two in the morning . . . Madame CHOSE, eh? Got any reviews of her? . . . Um; ah; I see . . . *piquante* and all that, but for my

daughters, you know . . . Miss P. LATITUDE, strongly bound in calico . . . ah, that's better; send her by tea-time, please . . . not at all what I expected . . . not your fault? Rubbish, you distinctly told me that Mr. OLSTAGER's reminiscences were fresh and entertaining . . . the Duchess came that night, and she went to sleep before we'd got to the end of his first chapter! . . . Really thrilling, is he? Because if this Mr. SCALLYWAG is like the things you've sent me lately, I shall have to drop my subscription . . . just finished five years' penal servitude? . . . Yes, that sounds quite delightful, only mind you send him, and not something else instead . . . Pay a fine? Why? . . . *all damage done to bindings must be made good?* I'm sure his dress clothes were just like that when he came—and if my butler *did* upset a claret-decanter over him, it wasn't *my* fault! . . . Obliged to stick to our rules, Sir. You should not have returned Mr. SOKER in that state. He's laid on the shelf completely, and we shan't be able to issue him again for a week or more . . . no, Madam, we cannot permit you to retain Mr. NIMBUS after the time allowed . . . at least a dozen of our subscribers

have him down on their lists . . . I got your note, asking for the immediate return of Mr. STUMPER—but we can't find him. I fancy the Admiral put him in the coal-cellars, or the duck-pond, or somewhere . . . no, it's *your* fault, entirely; I asked you for something political for the Admiral, and you knew his views . . . if you choose to send this Mr. STUMPER—who's a kind of socialistic tract—you must take the consequences! And he's only mislaid—not really lost. . . . oh, Mr. SAMPLER, so glad to meet you—you're a critic, and you can tell me what to put down on my list . . . precious little but rubbish published nowadays; what were you thinking of taking? . . . no; I can't recommend Miss SNOOKS; no form, no finish, no construction, you know! . . . for a railway journey?—ah, well, she might do for *that* . . . yes, LAVINIA, one has to be very careful in these days . . . I thought *travels* were quite safe, but I took out Mr. GADABOUT last week, and some of his stories . . . my nephew DICK is inclined to be flighty, as you say. I'm sending him down, for his weekend, a pleasant surprise—two political economists and an Archdeacon—and I hope they'll do him good!"



THE ROSEBERRY SWORD-DANCE.

MR. PUNCH. "I KNOW HE CAN DANCE,—NO ONE BETTER. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT'S THE ONLY USE HE'LL EVER MAKE OF THE SWORD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.
—Twenty years ago the pleasant presence of ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales, was familiar in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. In those days, the Fourth Party being in its lusty

fession and training, he naturally takes interest in all connected with naval matters. Marvel comes in at his patience in voluntarily sitting through proceedings whose dulness gives headache to the hardened Mace. Last Monday remained mast-headed for three hours. This afternoon, not arriving till four o'clock, there was possible only an hour of drear delight. By that time process of exhaustion had worked its way; debate collapsed, and Navy votes agreed to. At no moment of sitting was a quorum present. Members briskly moved off when LOUGH rose to move reduction of number of men.

The overflowing LOUGH! How wide are the shores his waters lap! This afternoon RUNCIMAN, protesting against proposal to cripple the Navy, and still desirous as loyal Member of Opposition to gird at Government, said his hon. friend should leave the Navy alone, turning his attention to wasteful expenditure on the Army. Lough by this time pretty tough. Hasn't through ten years confronted an iniquitous Government without the gentler fibres of his nature becoming hardened. But RUNCIMAN touched him to the quick. Army Estimates often on through past fortnight. To suppose Member for Islington would sit dumb through their discussion was a difficult intellectual feat. Yet RUNCIMAN had accomplished it.

"You should have turned your attention to the Army."

"I did," said LOUGH, in a tone wherein pained anguish mingled with just indignation at the banality of a man who supposed he would miss an opportunity of delivering a speech.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"The House of Lords," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, surveying the gilded Chamber from Gallery over the Bar, "is more than ever becoming a one-man place.

Whilst the MARKISS was still here there were two. Now, as they sing with reference to the Ten Little Niggers and the six Army corps—now there is one. Only prospect of a speech from ROSEBERY could fill this ordinarily empty Chamber. Pity 'tis 'tis true. An overpowering personality, like an overwhelming Opposition, is a bad thing for a legislative



H.R.H. MAST-HEADED.

(The Prince of W-L-s.)

prime, PARNELL and his merry men in full swing, for dramatic scenes, quick changes, unexpected results, the T.R. Westminster beat all others whose doors were then open. H.R.H. was in his accustomed place on the famous Wednesday afternoon when Mr. JOSEPH GILLIS BUGGAR spied strangers, and the heir to the Throne, in company with the German Ambassador and other dignitaries, was compelled to withdraw.

ALBERT EDWARD is now King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, and there is another PRINCE OF WALES. Of late H.R.H. has displayed interest in Parliamentary proceedings even exceeding that of his Royal father. In the Eighties, as hinted at, there was something to see and hear from the Peers' Gallery. To-day incident is rare; Irish humour takes the form either of calling the COLONIAL SECRETARY a liar, or of dancing up and down before Treasury Bench shaking a fist at PRIME MINISTER, and beseeching bystanders to "let me at him," after the fashion of Mr. NATHANIEL WINKLE on the eve of battle. It is true there is what the LORD CHANCELLOR would call "a sort of" Fourth Party. JOHN O'GORST, regarding it with grandfatherly interest, mentally comparing it with the original, doesn't think much of it.

Peculiarity of PRINCE OF WALES's visit is choice of occasion. A sailor by pro-



NOT QUITE WHAT HE INTENDED TO SAY.

"If I may say one more ridiculous thing than another, Mr. Speaker,—I—er—"

(Sir Arthur Hylton-Roberts)

Assembly. Now the MARKISS has gone, the only Peer on Ministerial side who can stand up and face ROSEBERY is the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. He, alack! is handicapped by over-bearing sense of semi-judicial position, and a constitutional disinclination to take a Party view of a public question."

When Lord ROSEBERY stood at Table to move his resolution touching National Defence, the scene was of a character witnessed only once or twice in Session. Benches on both sides full. As regards the Opposition this of course a comparative term. At best the muster is scanty. Lord AVEBURY, thoughtful of the smallest detail, divides his support. His vote he gives to the Government that placed a coronet on the head of JOHN LUBBOCK; his presence he contributes to the quiet dignity of the Opposition side.

To-night, observing the disadvantage of Opposition numbers displayed to gaze of Peeresses in the side Gallery, he conceived and skilfully carried out a delicate manoeuvre. It was not absolutely original, being suggested to his teeming mind by consideration of the habits of the busy bee. When approaching the hive, this intelligent,



"We go on getting the Speaker out of the Chair on Tuesday, and we hope to get him out by the end of the week."

(Mr. Balfour's Speech.)

industrious creature, instead of directly entering the structure, hovers about it in a moving swarm that to the casual onlooker conveys a sense of at least double number. Thus, whilst the Peers assembled, settling for the most part in the hive to the right of that Queen bee, the Lord CHANCELLOR, AVEBURY moved up and down along the back benches to the left with buzzing, bee-like movement. Now above the Gangway, now crossing behind Front Opposition bench, suddenly appearing below the Gangway, always with a countenance of supernal gravity, he managed to endow the Opposition benches with an appearance of bustling activity quite exhilarating.

Its effect, subtly conveyed, was seen when, in course of his speech, ROSEBERRY was able to contemplate the possibility of noble Lords on Front Opposition bench some day finding themselves strong enough to cross the floor and turn out the present Government. It is true the prospect was darkened by the certainty that ere that epoch is reached the present custodians of the public purse will have extracted and spent the ultimate threepenny bit. That is a mere incident. What is noteworthy and significant is that so shrewd an observer, so accurate a judge of current of political events, permitted himself to contemplate a time when a body of statesmen now, as division lists show, in hopeless minority, will be reinstated in power.

This was directly due to John Lubbock's manoeuvre, his ingenious device rising far beyond the ordinary stage super's tactics in its effect of almost crowding the Opposition Benches.

Business done.—ROSEBERRY moves resolution demanding adjustment of the National armament to the naval, military and financial conditions of the Empire. In course of speech generously paid tribute to a much abused statesman. "I believe the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR," he said, "to be a capable and industrious Minister. I know him to be industrious."

Charming discrimination between belief and knowledge.

Friday night.—Heard a good deal lately of the Man in the Street; commonly supposed to be of modern creation. Find he is at least seventy years old. Looking through Greville's *Memoirs*, came upon what is probably the first reference to this potent influence in British politics. Under date, March 20, 1831, being the eve of the division on the Reform Bill, GREVILLE writes:—"Knowing as the man in the street—as we call him at Newmarket—always does the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts," &c.

Here is the origin of the now classic

phrase. The Man in the Street, the subtle pervading power that represents the common sense and intelligence of the British Electorate, had his progenitor in the Newmarket tout who knows the potentiality of every horse in and out of the running.

Business done.—The Lords debate on National Defence fizzled out.

THE LAST INSTANCE.

"The journalistic profession," said TEBBIT, "is full of perils. Have you heard about SMYTHE?"

I said that I had not heard about SMYTHE. TEBBIT needed no further encouragement.

"It is my painful task to inform you," he said, "that SMYTHE, though still living in a sort of way, is for all practical purposes no more. He is going to be married."

"Married!" I gasped. "SMYTHE! The perfect bachelor, the chaffer at Cupid, the mocker at matrimony, the detester of domesticity! Surely you are thinking of another SMYTHE. You have mistaken the name."

"No," said TEBBIT, "there is, alas, no mistake. She is a Mrs. ROBINSON."

"Tell me all," I said. "What were you saying about the perils of journalism?"

And TEBBIT explained.

"SMYTHE," he said, "after roughing it for four years at Oxford, came down without, of course, the remotest notion of what he intended to do for a living. The Civil Service was out of the question. SMYTHE was a man of parts, but his talents did not lie in that direction. Finally, after he had rejected the Army as philistine and commerce as bourgeois, he consented to a compromise. He was to think the matter over, and in the meanwhile to read for the Bar.

"It was while he was reading for the Bar—at the Millennium Palace of Varieties—that he met a college friend of his. Over a social meal they discussed the position. The friend suggested that SMYTHE should take to journalism. It was the finest profession in the world, he said. All that you had to do was to write articles and send them to different papers, and the editors sent them back by return of post. In fine, a game closely resembling Ping-pong, only easier. A child of ten could master it in five minutes.

"SMYTHE was immensely taken with the idea. He became a journalist, and shortly afterwards got the post of 'Aunt JANE' on a paper called *The Cosy Corner*. His business was to answer correspondence, much of which dealt with the subject of proposals of

marriage. How should they be made? How should they be rejected?"

"Well?" I said.

"Well," said TEBBIT, "for some time these presented no difficulty to SMYTHE. During his University career it had been a sort of hobby of his to propose to at least one of his partners at every dance he attended. I remember once remonstrating with him for this, as being opposed to his known bachelor principles. But he replied, with some show of reason, that as his personal appearance was curious rather than striking there was no danger, and it all helped to make conversation. In this way he had gathered some very useful facts about the whole art of refusing a proposal of marriage. As for the question of how such proposals should be made, he held definite views on the subject, and his male correspondents never went empty away."

"After a time it occurred to him that it might be profitable if he collected these fugitive papers, and published them in book form. SPOOPENDYKE AND BROWN took the book, paid him a magnificent royalty, and asked for more. He was to write a companion volume, entitled *More Refusals*, on his own terms. SMYTHE accepted the offer, drew up a list of terms in a large and liberal spirit, and set to work to collect material.

"To all attempts on the part of his friends to dissuade him he paid no attention. You see he had been paid in advance, and long since spent the money. A week ago he told us that one more instance would complete the volume. He said he was determined to make it a good one. He was, in my opinion, intoxicated with success. Otherwise there is no accounting for his criminal rashness in proposing to Mrs. ROBINSON. We all did our best to save him."

"Alas, poor SMYTHE!" I sighed.

"And the most pitiful part of the whole business," said TEBBIT, "is that the unhappy man actually appears now to enjoy his position. And"—here TEBBIT completely broke down—"he's threatened to send me a piece of the wedding-cake!"

ONCE you shake the tree of knowledge you can't put the fruit back. This cryptic utterance reads like an extract from ISEN. In reality it means that if you knew what was going to happen you would never let your wife learn Bridge.

Obsequious Porter (*to Enthusiastic Golfin*). Would you like yer 'ockey-knockers with you in the carriage, Sir?

INFANTS IN ARMS.

[“Lord STANLEY said there was no limit of age or size for ‘Brodricks’ (*i.e.* juvenile recruits) sent to South Africa.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THE schoolboy’s tedious task is done,
And now upon his back
The coat is red, and Standard I.
Is changed for Union Jack ;
Nay, *crèche* and cradle, pram and cot,
And eke the baby-farms
Are sending each its little lot
Of infantry-in-arms.

Pall Mall, with eager ardour filled,
Is busy framing rules
And making estimates to build
New mounted-infant schools ;
And Br-dr-ck has explained with pride
His cheap and novel course
For teaching raw recruits to ride
Upon a rocking-horse.

To fill our phantom corps will take
Unlimited supplies,
And no one will inquiries make
Respecting age or size.
Then send your babies, mothers all,
Of whom you’d be relieved—
All contributions, howso small,
Most thankfully received.

BRIGHTON PREFERRED.

(*For a Little Walk.*)

ON most Fridays a good many stockbrokers go down to Brighton by train, but on Friday, May 1, over a hundred intend to go down on foot. Leaving the Clock Tower at Westminster at half-past six in the morning, they will walk to the Brighton Aquarium. That dismal, decaying, shabby music hall, run by the Brighton Corporation at the expense of the Brighton rate-payers, contains hardly any fish, though it is still called an aquarium, but in a small cage on the entrance steps there is, very appropriately, an unfortunate bear. It would be easy enough to put a bull in another cage on the other side of the steps, and if a stag and a guinea pig could be obtained for the occasion, the competitors on arrival would feel so much at home that they would think themselves back in the City again.

It is expected that BERTHAS, DORAS, and other lady friends of the competitors will go down—they often do on Fridays—and receive the heroes at the finish of the walk.

The competitors will have the option of taking any line, except the Brighton line. Those who collapse on the road will be conveyed on Barrows by the Johnnies of the neighbourhood to the nearest Vickers. If they have then no Hopes of reaching the goal they will display a placard inscribed “Brighton Deferred,” and after a refreshing bath



SCENE—Hunt Steeplechase.

Jockey (from the brook). “Hi! Hi! HERE, YOU’VE GOT MY HORSE!”

in a Spiers and Pond they will partake of Salmon and Gluckstein, stewed Pears, and other light refreshment.

As regards the Market on May Day it is confidently expected that there will be a rising tendency about 5.30 in the morning, and a strong upward movement about Brixton Hill. Later on some sagging will be noticed, followed by a drooping tendency near Reigate. There may even be a few slight falls. At the close competitors (in bed) will be very flat.

The carry-over (of competitors from the Aquarium to the hotels) will be accomplished without much difficulty.

Rates will be light, as eighteenpence is a generous cab-fare to any hotel.

Business in the street will be brisk. The transfers will be witnessed by large numbers of persons.

All competitors will wear Coats, Bags, and Boots. It will be optional to wear Central New Jerseys. Also stocks round the neck, gilt-edged or otherwise, according to taste. As most stockbrokers always appear in elegant, or even smart, clothes, it is expected that large quantities of extra garments will be sent by train packed in Grand Trunks.

School Inspector (anxious to explain the nature of a falsehood). Now, supposing I brought you a canary, and told you it was blue, what would that be?

Student (with taste for Natural History). Please, Sir, a tomtit.

MOTTO FOR (SOME) AUSTRALIAN MINE SHAREHOLDERS.—A share in the Rand is worth two in the Bush.

"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

Old Heidelberg, RUDOLF BLEICHMANN'S English version of MEYER-FÖRSTER's comedy *Alt-Heidelberg*, although only an episode dramatised, yet is it to be fairly classified under the generic definition of "comedy;" as a "mixture of seriousness and mirth." It ends in "sweet sorrow," and therefore is no "genuine comedy." The charm of this particular play lies in its dramatic simplicity.

The *dramatis personæ*, distinctly characterised, belong, however, to genuine comedy—all save two, and these are *Prince Karl Heinrich*, and *Käthie* the peasant maiden, who are the hero and heroine of a romantic story that is bright in its commencement, buoyantly, yet sweetly, happy in its continuation, and utterly sad in its termination.

The play represents in dramatic form the loves of *Karl* and *Käthie*: of *Karl*, who, a royal prisoner, bound by etiquette from childhood upwards, knows no more of "life" outside the Palace walls, than does a novice bred up in a monastery; and of *Käthie*, a peasant maid, concerning whose perfect guilelessness it would be pardonable were more than one man or woman of the world to have their doubts.

Of movement, as differentiated from "action," there is plenty; and in this respect, since it is chiefly in the hands of gay young German students, this portion of the "comedy," with its music, songs, and choruses, suggests the idea that it is an *opera manqué*. For would not the libretto have well served MASSENET, for example, on the lines of *La Vie de Bohème*, which, after all its merriment, ends so sadly with the death of *Mimi*, while this finished with two broken hearts, of which, one, it is a relief to feel, for the sake of the ruler himself with all his life before him, for the sake of the State he has to govern, and for the sake of the Princess to whom he is betrothed, will not be long a-mending.

There are no villains in the piece, and no villainy even of the very mildest description, although *Lütz*, valet to *Karl Heinrich*, with his phenomenally pale face and insufferable bearing, a part admirably played by Mr. E. LYALL SWATE, misleads everyone into supposing that this unhealthy piece of affectation is a villain of the deepest dye, a conspirator against the master whom he so effusively serves. But no, he is only a *Malvolio*; and, more fortunate than that self-sufficient and easily gulled courtier, *Lütz* is never the object of cruel practical jokes, although hard-headed, soft-hearted, rough-mannered, but rather "larky" old *Dr. Jüttner* (a perfect performance by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE), the young Prince's tutor, might have been to the valet as was *Sir Toby Belch* to *Olivia's* chamberlain.

Wisely, as it proves, has Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER given up for a while the middle-aged men of comedy and returned to his *première jeunesse*. The boyishness of his youthful Prince is delightful; his modesty delicious, not one whit overdone; his frolicsomeness is that of a boy out for a holiday, and his love-making is that of a novice in the art.

And how excellent is the *Käthie* of Miss EVA MOORE, the light-hearted, merry, impulsive girl,—almost a "tom-boy" among her sworn friends and honest admirers, the students,—who suddenly falls in love at first sight with the Prince, concerning whose rank she has, however, been previously informed. That she should have been made aware of his rank is regrettable, as her knowledge of this fact is destructive of her ingenuousness; for who that sees her almost throwing herself into *Karl Heinrich's* arms, on their very first meeting, would not be inclined to set her down as a sly little minx, an artful coquette, if not something worse? Were Prince, peasant, student, all alike to her—not as fish that come to her net, but as being merely good fellows and

playmates—then her conduct would be in keeping with her republican faith. But such is not the case. She worships Royalty; she is charged with the delivery of an oration on the arrival of the Prince,—which she does with the utmost timidity, being frightened out of her wits at having to address a Royal personage. And yet—within a few minutes the peasant girl is head over ears in love with the Prince, and he with her; and in four months' time they are just off together "for a lark" to Paris! Does not this situation recall a similar one in the opera of *Manon* and the duet of "*A Paris nous irons*?" Certainly. But does this little innocent German girl recall to us, in any way, *Manon Lescaut* at the commencement of the latter's career? Isn't it difficult to believe in *Käthie's* complete innocence when she joyfully consents to accompany her young lover, the Prince, to Paris? Is she going as a sister? Not exactly. As a wife? Not precisely. Well then—as what? Any way, they do not go, and *Käthie* is broken-hearted at losing such a chance of becoming either a *Manon Lescaut*, a real Princess, or the morganatic wife of *Prince Karl*. The young impulsive Prince, it is needless to say, is beyond measure angry with every one except his tutor *Dr. Jüttner*, and bitterly disappointed at the failure of his projected escapade. And *Dr. Jüttner*, but for his honesty and vein of seriousness, is only a counterpart of the tutor in *Betsy* to whom was intrusted the guardianship of *Adolphus*.

So the curiously innocent young man is forced to leave the strangely innocent young woman; but they will meet again, only once, and then for the very last time, two years later. And, in after life, will any suspicion rest on *Käthie*? Has she any packet of letters written by the Prince? Any compromising "puff-powder box," or other evidence against character that might have been found in the room where they passed summer nights together, fondly embracing, and gazing out on to the moonlit stream? If so, then we have some inkling of what the secret was that clouded the fair fame of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's latest heroine, *Julia Wren*, now undergoing nightly "whitewashing"—quite a spring cleaning, in fact—at the Garrick Theatre. Alack and alas! It is mighty difficult to believe in the sublime innocence of *Käthie* the barmaid.

It may not be fair to look too far ahead, but, without peering into the crystal, is it not uncommonly likely that when the Prince is married, and still more utterly bored by Court etiquette than he is now, he will somehow contrive that *Käthie* should be restored to the place that has been kept warm for her in his heart of hearts? And *Käthie* would be ready and willing, that is, supposing nothing of any importance had happened in the interim.

Take what view we may of *Käthie*, this *Old Heidelberg* is a delightful piece, excellently acted. Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS' presentation of *Kellermann* shows true appreciation of the humour in the character; Mr. ERNEST LEICESTER's *Graf von Asterberg*, representing the leader of the students' Corps Saxonica, is a genuinely good performance; as indeed is that of all the students engaged, whether they be shouting, singing, dancing, or drinking, with all the customary honours so dear to the German students, and still fresh in the recollection of the present scribe, though 'tis some years since he was among them as a guest invited to witness their duels, and to be a partaker of their hospitality during various festivities. The scene in the "beer-garden" (turned so frequently into a "bear-garden"), with the harmonious rendering of students' choruses, is reproduced to the very life on the stage at the St. James's, where the scenic art of Mr. WALTER HANN lends enchantment to the view.

So to the prosperity of *Karl* and *Käthie*, the two "Innocents Abroad," we raise our glass, clink, and heartily exclaim, "*Prosit!*"

LETTERS FROM THE ZOO.

THE following letters have been selected from a large number received upon the subject of the Zoological Gardens Management :—

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—The life of an elephant is not all bananas and bath-buns. Personally I am full of marbles and bus tickets. Instead of a silver-plated howdah and a Maharajah, I have a garden seat on my back and a keeper. I object to starting out on a journey any number of times each day and never arriving anywhere. "There and back,"—with a lot on my back. Humiliating. So are small boys, sponge-fingers, and American enterprise. Why were there no Durbar festivities in the Elephant House? This should be inquired into.

Yours faithfully,

A TUSK 'UN.

P.S.—Alas! Poor Jingo! I knew him well. The subject is too painful.

SIR,—So we eagles fail to give satisfaction? And it's not to be wondered at after all the nonsense that has been written about the "King of birds soaring above his dizzy eyrie." To expect that sort of thing for a shilling, and sixpence on Bank Holidays, is out of the question. Besides, we couldn't do it, even if we had the apparatus. Dignity is our strong point, and as long as the authorities permit sparrows to hop and chirp about our premises as though they belonged to them, the thing's impossible.

Yours, etc.,

ANOTHER EAGLE.

P.S.—I hear we have a new Secretary Bird just elected. Something may come of recent meetings. I've got my Eagle Eye on the Fellows who run this show.

GENTLEMEN,—As a good-natured brown bear I naturally object to turning rusty; yet I have heard it said that, in more ways than one, I am rapidly going off colour. Here is the whole matter in a nut-shell—I should say, a bun-bag. For years I have lived at the bottom of a pit, and my only inducement to come to its top has been to escape the daily shower of buns. I wish to state publicly that I loathe buns. Place me well above the public, so that its bun aim will be uncertain, and I shall get my colour back. Of course something to hug—but I am trespassing on your valuable space. Obediently yours,

ONE OF THE FOURBEARS.

DEAR SIRS,—I hope upon behalf of the Tortoise House that there will be no unbecoming hurry. Why not wait two or three hundred years and see if matters are working smoother then? Remember the hare.

I subscribe myself, seasonably,
FESTINA LENTE.

PRETTY MR. PUNCH,—Reform? Certainly. "One parrot one parrot-house" is our motto, and we shall go on screaming till we get it. Is it surprising that directly they enter our house visitors say, "Let's go and see the hippopotamus," and rush out? I swear fluently, but here I am as ineffective as a saint. Yours, PRETTY POLL.

GENTLEMEN,—We suggest the removal of the barrier which separates us from the visitors. We have long thought it superfluous. Yours in anticipation,

AD LEONES.

SIRS,—What are all these wild-cat tales? Let those who find our house "unpleasant," hold their noses and their tongues! Who are they a kitten at?

Yours, CATO.

ANTIPATHIES OF GREAT MEN.

It is a natural human trait to desire kinship with great minds, and partly for this reason the world loves to hear of the little weaknesses, inconsistencies, and illogical prejudices of its intellectual giants. The following, then, a carefully compiled and, so far as the writer knows, absolutely authentic list of the antipathies of certain past-masters may prove of general interest.

SHAKESPEARE, it seems, disliked a forced abstention from victuals.

LORD CHESTERFIELD hated to have the chair upon which he was just sitting down withdrawn from under him.

The Iron Duke (and it may be remarked in passing that Lord ROBERTS of our own day has a similar aversion) would grow quite uneasy if shut up in the same room with a mad dog.

DR. ABERNETHY, a man proverbially intolerant of mere fads and crotchetts, had yet a strong personal objection to sleeping in damp sheets.

SCHILLER would never, if he could avoid it, write with a broken nib.

CARLYLE never liked being alluded to as a "blithering idiot."

KEATS would go out of his way to avoid a lunatic with a knife.

FARADAY, the great chemist, disliked the sensation of nitric acid on his hands.

MACREADY had a great disrelish for either the flavour or perfume of bad eggs.

MENDELSSOHN did not like the sound of a finger-nail being drawn across a slate. A thumb-nail caused him similar disquiet.

DISRAELI would walk about or stand rather than sit upon a freshly-painted bench.

DR. JOHNSON hated to have anyone run and butt him in the waistcoat.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH had a marked objection to prison life; and Lord BURLEIGH, his great contemporary, never liked to slip off a curbstone with his tongue between his teeth.

**PROOF.**

Master. "PAT, I MUST SAY YOU'RE VERY CONTRADICTORY."

Pat (emphatically). "I AM NOT, SORR!"

SECOND QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903.")

APRIL.

DEATH will be active this month, and we may hear that someone in the Navy will be amongst those called away. Crimes will be committed, and the police will at least find a clue if not the perpetrators. Many people will celebrate the anniversaries of their birthdays towards the middle of this month, and YOUNG MOORE is pleased to predict the silver wedding of a certain happy pair, who shall be nameless. The weather for April will be of great variety.

MAY.

News of a more or less disturbing character may reach us from China, Morocco, Macedonia, Somaliland, Venezuela, Afghanistan, and Upper Norwood, but YOUNG MOORE bids you be of good cheer and not let this depress you. Several shares on the Stock Exchange will come in for attention. Extremes of weather may be looked for—in fact the word "Varied" might be applied to the weather of this month.

JUNE.

Wild rumours about of the *Times* having been bought by an American magnate for two millions, but YOUNG MOORE is able to predict that he will only have to pay the usual 3d. for it, literary supplement included. The prophet foretells that a child will be born in a northern city, who, if he lives, will be Somebody Somewhere Someday. June weather will be long remembered for its variety.

THE COMPLETE PRIG.

[According to a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mrs. W. D. McCLOINTOCK, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, has declared that such nursery tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard* have a "moral squint" about them, and are unfit for childish reading. She has mapped out a really moral literary course for the mother to superintend during her children's infancy. The main features are here faithfully reproduced.]

I'm pained when I reflect upon the stuff that people print,
And call without a blush a children's story;
Your *Jack the Giant Killer* has a nasty moral squint,
And *Bluebeard* is as wicked as it's gory;
The tale of *Mr. Bruin* and his *Mrs. Mimy-Muff*,
Which childhood in its innocence still swallows—
I beg that you will substitute for all such sorry stuff
The moral and instructive course which follows:—

Until your child is seven let her feed her infant mind
On simple, pretty tales about the fairies,
Provided they are free from squints (supposing you can find
That such a fairy story anywhere is).
Till nine her soul may meditate as deeply as it can
('Twill benefit it very much to do so)
The pious lucubrations of that most religious man,
The blameless and improving *Mr. Crusoe*.

Her early teens with classic tales she may perhaps beguile
Of *Perseus*, *Jason*, *Hector* and *Ulysses*
(Of course you'll skip all episodes in fair Calypso's Isle)
And *Helen* (when of course you'll skip the kisses);
The educative stimulus contained in such a tale
Can hardly be too highly estimated—
Of course you'll take the greatest care and never never fail
To see that it is duly expurgated.

Romantic tales might next afford some wholesome mental food—
Knights-errant in the cause of virtue fighting—
But bear in mind the knights must all be very very good,
Their deeds, however brave, not too exciting.
Then let her read *Miss Charlotte Yonge*, whose highly moral pen,
Instinct with virtue, never met its fellow,
And possibly a novel by *Miss Carey* now and then,
But never, never one that's bound in yellow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite has fond memories of Early Masters in pictorial art who illuminated childhood's days. They worked on a commercial system known as "Penny plain, tuppence coloured." *RITA's Souls* (*HUTCHINSON*) belongs to the latter category. The more sober taste of my Baronite hankers after the severer style. The novel purports to present a realistic picture of the way in which what are called "Society people" live. The impression conveyed to the mind of the reader is that it is an early literary effort of a soured lady's maid accomplished in hours of retirement, when her mistress, who is really no better looking than herself, is mingling in the giddy throng. In the conversational passages the gifted authoress has made a study of the literary style of OSCAR WILDE, and has succeeded in reproducing the occasional emptiness of his phrases without their frequent sparkle. If *RITA's* deliberate plan was to show what the envious lady's maid would achieve in the circumstances indicated, she has, by many subtle touches, presented a masterpiece of art. If this is pure imagining, and the work is seriously offered as a picture of what *RITA* describes as "high-born and apparently exclusive Society ladies," it must be dismissed as a tiresome screed in which,



A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

She. "HAVE YOU DERIVED MUCH BENEFIT FROM CYCLING, MR. POUNDS?"
He. "OH, YES. WHY, I'M MUCH THINNER THAN I WAS!"

save perhaps in the person of *Zara Eberhardt*, there is not a natural note.

To the biographical *Memoir of George Douglas Brown* (*HODDER AND STOUGHTON*) Mr. ANDREW LANG contributes an introduction. It perhaps reveals more personal matter relating to Mr. LANG than to its avowed subject. That conclusion naturally follows on the circumstance, frankly admitted, that his acquaintance with the author of *The House with the Green Shutters* was of the slightest. To tell the truth, Mr. CUTHBERT LENNOX and Mr. ANDREW MELROSE, whose contributions complete the little volume, have barely any story to tell. Brown's history was only beginning when it was cut short by the hand of Death. Son of a Scotch farmer, he won a scholarship that enabled him to half-starve at Oxford. He gravitated to London, grasped the skirts of journalism, and awoke one morning to find himself famous as the writer of a powerful, if somewhat gruesome, novel that caught the public fancy. As *The House with the Green Shutters* grew to the proportions of the orthodox novel out of what was intended as a story for a magazine, so this memoir has evidently been elaborated from the basis of the portion that appeared in a weekly journal. Out of scanty material the authors have done the best possible.

The Transit of the Red Dragon, and Other Tales (*ARROWSMITH*), is a book containing three short stories by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, whereof the one that gives its name to the volume is decidedly the best. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE "CORNER" IN CURRANTS.—The representatives of the late Master Jack Horner wish to repudiate all connection with this proposed monopoly. It was plums.